THE Numb. 178.

VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Friday, December 21, to Friday, December 28, 1739.

LONDON, Auguſt 8.

By a Letter from an Officer in the Emperor's Army, we have an Account of a Battle which was fought between the Imperialiſts and Turks, on the 12*th of* July, O. S. *Which is as followeth:*

THAT the only Road which led to the Turks Camp at Crotzka was very woody and rugged, and ſo very narrow, that the Imperial Army was obliged to march in one Column. The Attack was begun a little before Day by ſome Huſſars and Cuiraſſiers, who fell upon the Enemy's Piquet Guard, and routed them; but the Turks returned immediately after in a greater Number, with terrible Shouts, and falling with great Fury upon our advanced Troops, quickly ſurrounded them; and tho' we ſuſtained their Fire with great Bravery, our Troops had been entirely cut to Pieces, had it not been for the Arrival of 18 Companies of Grenadiers which came out of the Wood, and attack'd the Turks with all the Bravery imaginable, but could not break thro' them; which gave the Imperialiſts Reaſon to think, that they had not to do with a Detachment, but with the whole Turkiſh Army, which ſome computed at 60,000, and others at 90,000 Men. In this firſt Attack, the Regiment of Palfy loſt the Colonel, the Lieutenant-Colonel, 7 Captains, 8 Lieutenants, and 6 Cornets. That while the Grenadiers were engaged, the other Troops which came out of the Wood, advanced by a Paſſage ſo narrow, that the Turks attack'd every Regiment as faſt as they came up, which occaſioned many particular Skirmiſhes, 'til all the Army was paſt, which took up ſeveral Hours, when the Battle became more regular. The Turks had not only the Advantage of the Ground, but had caſt up Intrenchments, and erected a Fort, from whence they made a ſmart and conſtant Fire upon the Imperialiſts. That during the hotteſt Part of the Battle, one of the Imperial Regiments entered the Enemies Intrenchment, but not being ſupported, was obliged to give Way, which occaſioned ſome Diſorder, and made the Imperialiſts think of retreating, the rather becauſe it was already Nine o'Clock at Night, and the Cavalry had been out near 24 Hours, without having had the leaſt Nouriſhment. They retreated accordingly in good Order to the Camp at Zweybruck on the Danube, 4 Miles from Belgrade, with all their wounded Men, of whom there is a great Number; and that 'tis reckon'd the Germans loſt near 6000 Men in this bloody Engagement. ——— 'Tis thought the Turks were reinforced by freſh Troops.

A Letter of the 14th ult. O. S. from the Lines of Circumvallation about Belgrade, (to which the Germans removed their Camp, for want of Forrage,) ſays, that on the Day after the Battle, the Turks came about 6 in the Morning before the Camp at Zweybruck, and attack'd ſome of the Germans advanced Poſts with great Fury, but were vigorouſly repulſed; and at length ſeeing the good Countenance of the Army, which was then joined by the Body under General Neuperg, they reſolved, after ſome skirmiſhing with the Imperial Huſſars, to retire towards Crotzka. This Letter adds, that the Imperial Flotilla, which, during the Battle at Crotzka made a great Fire on the Enemy's Camp, hearing the Retreat of the Imperialiſts, weighed Anchor, and was returned under the Shelter of Belgrade on the Day the Letter was dated. When this Letter came away, the Turks were ſeen hovering on the Hills of Witchnitza, to the Left of Belgrade; and their advanced Troops had already begun to skirmiſh with the Imperialiſts, and whatever was the Enemy's Deſign, lay all under Arms to receive them.

Letters of the 21ſt ult. from Vienna ſay, That an Expreſs was juſt arrived from the Commandant of Belgrade, with Advice, that the Marſhal de Wallis, after having thrown 12 Battalions into that Place, paſs'd the Danube on the 15th, and went and incamp'd on the Banks of the River Temes, in the Bannat of Temeſwaer. The Commandant added, that the Turks had already inveſted the City on the Side of Servia, but that it was well provided with every Thing, and he was preparing for a vigorous Defence of it, in Caſe the Turks ſhould come to attack it.

As to the late Action, the Letters take Notice, That it was one of the moſt memorable Engagements which has been for a long Time; that it laſted 19 Hours, from Two o'Clock in the Morning to Nine at Night; that all that Time, and during the March too, neither the Men nor the Horſes had any Nouriſhment. That the Victory was doubtful all Day long; that neither Side could break thro' the other, tho' both attempted it ſeveral Times. That the Turks did not diſturb the Germans in their Retreat, either for want of knowing it, or of Ability to undertake it; and that 'tis certain their Loſs is very conſiderable, Heaps of their Dead having been ſeen piled on one another.

We hear that the Earl of Crawford, (who was a Volunteer in the late Battle between the Imperialiſts and Turks, and ſerved as Aid de Camp to the young Prince of Waldeck, who was killed in the Action) was very much wounded, and is under the Care of the beſt Surgeons at Belgrade. 'Tis confirm'd the Prince of Heſſe Rhinfels was killed in this Battle.

They write from Warſaw, that a Courier arrived there on the 16th ult. O. S. from Podolia, with Advice, That the Turks and Tartars having paſs'd the Nieſter, immediately marched to meet the Ruſſians, and that the Ottoman Army conſiſts of above 100,000 Men, was but 4 Miles diſtant from Veldt Marſhal de Munich, whoſe Army conſiſts of 50,000 regular Troops, beſides the Coſſacks, ſo that the News of a Battle was expected every Day.

We hear that a Dutch Man of War entered Cadiz the 19th of June, which two Days before met and ſunk a Sallee Corſair off Cape Spartell, with 200 Men, of whom the greateſt Part were drowned, but the reſt got aboard the Dutch Ship.

We hear that the famous Renegado Count Bonneval was in the Grand Vizir's Army when the late Battle happened with Count Wallis.

Belgrade, Aug. 12. The Turks continue firing from their Batteries; and tho' they have not yet open'd Trenches, they make Preparations for Scaling Ladders of Sacks fill'd with Wool, and Bags with Sand, as if they deſign'd to make an Aſſault. An Armenian, who has ſtole hither from the Enemy's Camp, reports, That according to the common Rumour there, their Army conſiſts of 100,000 Men, their Artillery of 100 Pieces of Cannon, 22 Demi Culverins, 30 large Mortars and Houbitzes. That our Artillery has done great Damage to their

their Batteries, and render'd uſeleſs 5 of their Cannon, and as many of their Mortars. That the Baſhaw Aly was expected at the Camp with a Reinforcement of ſeveral Thouſand Men from Bolnia, after whole Arrival, it was talked, the firſt Aſſault would be.

By other Intelligence we learn, That the great Scarcity of Proviſions and Forage in the Turkiſh Camp occaſions frequent Deſertions of Numbers of Men from thence. That by the Scarcity, the Grand Vizir perceives he cannot lie long before Belgrade; but the Janiſſaries being very clamorous for an Aſſault, he may probably adventure one. And ſome Spies tell us, that he has ſet Men to dig Mines, in order to blow up ſome of our Works. On our Part, all proper Diſpoſitions are made for a vigorous Defence: Our Garriſon conſiſts of 12,000 Men. We have 15,000 Quintals of Powder, 500 Braſs Cannon, 150 Mortars, 8000 Bombs, and Billets proportionable to the Powder; and we ſhall be under no Dread as long as as we can keep a free Communication with Semlin.

On the 8th Inſtant in the Evening, a Body of about 15000 Turks appeared before the Fort of Sabatch, in the Night they raiſed Batteries, and in the Morning began to fire upon the Fortifications, but were ſo well anſwered by the Governor of the Place, that the next Night they drew off, and returned towards Belgrade.

Three of our Ships were ſtationed in the Danube, at the Mouth of the Temes, to hinder the Enemy's Veſſels from paſſing up that River. On the 9th they were attack'd by a great Number of the Enemy's Veſſels, upon which our Ships would have retired up the Danube hither, but a Battery which the Enemy had raiſed on the River ſide, firing upon them, they found it impoſſible to make Way up the Stream; the ſaid Commodore, (after having made a vigorous Defence) ſent all the Crews hither in their Shallops, and then, leſt the three Ships ſhould fall into the Enemies Hands, cauſed them to be blown up.

Petersburg, July 28. The Britiſh Merchants eſtabliſhed in this City, had a few Days ſince, the Honour of complimenting the Princeſs Anne, and the Prince of Brunſwick Wolffenbuttle, upon their Marriage: They were preſented by M. Rondeau, the Britiſh Reſident. The Lord Baltimore has aſſiſted at all the Feaſts that have been made upon Occaſion of Princeſs Anne's Marriage, he has alſo ſeen the Imperial Library, and the Chamber of Curioſities. To-morrow he embarks for his Colony at Maryland. He is not only accompanied by Meſſrs. King and Deſaguliers, but likewiſe the Marquis Algoronti of Verona, a Perſon well known in the Republick of Letters.

They have Letters at Vienna from the Imperial Army of the 5th Inſtant, which adviſe, That on the 2d they remained in the Camp at Panchova; but on the 3d they march'd back to their former Camp at Jabokа, as being very advantageouſly ſituate; for they are there covered in the Rear, and on the Right Wing by Moraſſes, and have a free Communication with Belgrade, which they can relieve and ſupply as Occaſion may require. The Enemy fire upon Belgrade from 8 Batteries, yet they have done but little Damage hitherto to the Works, becauſe they chuſe rather to fire upon the Houſes.

Amſterdam, Aug. 11. The Britiſh Ambaſſador at the Hague takes great Pains to engage the Republick to furniſh the Succours with which it is obliged (by ſeveral Treaties) to ſupply Great-Britain, and has in Charge to offer conſiderable Advantages to the States General in caſe their High Mightineſſes will agree to act in Concert with that Nation againſt Spain; but as this laſt ſeems to be a violent Undertaking which they are afraid will draw them into a Rupture with France, and it's doubted whether that Ambaſſador will ſucceed in his Inſtances. The French Ambaſſador oppoſes theſe Endeavours with his utmoſt Power, and exhorts the States-General with great Earneſtneſs to remain Neuter, if a Rupture ſhould happen between England and Spain. And the Marquis de Fenelon is on his Part no leſs ſolicitous in diſſwading their High Mightineſſes from joining in Concert with Great Britain, and has actually declared, 'That the King his Maſter was obliged by his 'Treaties with the King of Spain, to ſend an Army to 'his Aſſiſtance, if he was attack'd by Land, and a Squa-'dron of Men of War, if by Sea; and that he muſt 'therefore look upon all them as his Enemies, that were 'Enemies to his Catholick Majeſty.'

Paris, Auguſt 1 *O. S.* The laſt Ships belonging to our Eaſt-India Company have brought Letters from Surat, which confirm, that Thamas Kouli Kan, after he had taken Candahar, march'd his Army into the Caboulliſtan, and took Caboul, the firſt Town belonging to the Great Mogul; and they add this remarkable Particular, viz. That before he made himſelf Maſter of the Place, 5000 married Women and Maidens kill'd themſelves in Deſpair, for fear of being raviſh'd by the Perſian Soldiers. 'Tis alſo ſaid in theſe Letters, that Kouli Kan was making great Marches towards Deli, the Reſidence of the Great Mogul; that all the Mogul's Court was under an inexpreſſible Conſternation; that they knew not how they ſhould be able to reſiſt that Conqueror, eſpecially in the preſent melancholly State of Affairs in Mogul; that the Omarans or Grandees of his Kingdom were divided, that they had rendered themſelves in a Manner independent; and that having by that Means ſo many oppoſite Intereſts, a ſpeedy Revolution was expected; which ſeems to be more certain, becauſ Kouli-Kan has nothing to fear from the Great Mogul, who is a Prince educated in the Aſiatick Effeminacy, and by Conſequence incapable of animating his Subjects to ſtand their Ground.

LONDON, Aug. 12.

Letters from Jamaica adviſe, that the Drake Sloop, Capt. William Laws, who had been Convoy to ſome Ships bound for London, thro' the Windward Paſſage, in her Return back to the ſaid Iſland, was attack'd by a Spaniſh Privateer, who took her for a Merchantman, and fired a Broadſide at her, which Compliment was immediately returned, and continued 'til the Privateer ſunk with all her People.

It's reported, that a ſtrong Reinforcement will ſpeedily be ſent to Gibraltar and Port Mahon.

The Earl of Crawford is to come from the Imperial Army to Vienna on his Way to Great Britain, ſo ſoon as he is able to travel.

Yeſterday Advice came, that ſeveral Spaniſh Privateers were ſeen off the Bay of Biſcay, and at the Mouth of the Tagus, cruiſing for Engliſh Ships.

The TEMPLE *of* VIRTUE.

GREAT JOVE, ambitious of immortal Name,
An Edifice erects to raiſe his Fame;
No Ornaments but what kind *Nature* ſends,
Much Beauty with Simplicity he blends:
Magnificently plain in ev'ry Part,
The Pomp of Neatneſs thus expreſs'd the Art.
The Situation on a riſing Ground,
Which over look'd the lofty Trees around;
The whole Deſcent a pleaſant Verdure yields,
A Velvet Turff, the Cloathing of the Fields;
Th' adjacent Woods whoſe Sweets diffuſive ſpread,
Whoſe Chryſtal Springs refreſh'd the flow'ry Mead,
Were ſtor'd with feather'd Folk, whoſe pleaſing Strains
Ecchо'd their Harmony throughout the Plains.
The Work compleat, JOVE ſent the *Demi Gods*
A Summons, they ſhou'd haſte from their Abodes.
The *Deities* attend: --- and round him ſtand,
With all Attention, wait his great Command.
My Friends, ſays he, behold from yonders Glade,
A Temple rais'd; pray view its lofty Head!
Thoſe pleaſing Avenues that to it lead:
No common Structure doth invite your Eye,
And yet compos'd of pure Simplicity;
Virtue on ev'ry Side the Turret's carv'd,
Make good your Claim, the Temple's your Reward;
Exert your ſelves to gain this happy Seat,
Beware of falſe Pretence, --- I hate a Cheat.
Their Godſhips lik'd the Fabrick wond'rous well,
For Architecture none cou'd it excel;
But thought the Terms a little too ſevere,
Beg'd Time of JUPITER their Claim to hear:
Arch MOMUS ſmil'd, and gave his uſual Lear.
No Time, ſays JUPITER, can I you give,
'Tis preſent Merit you'r requir'd to have,

Make

Make good your Virtuous Deeds, 'tis all I ask;
Says MOMUS, Sir, they'r Strangers to the Task.
Their Godſhips burn -- with Rage their furious Eye
To MOMUS dart, for making this Reply:
Choak'd with Revenge, they ſwell their jealous Maw,
Great JUPITER gives Order, they withdraw.
One Word, ſays MOMUS, with your Godſhip's Leave,
Pray never think it worth your while to grieve;
For this ſame Temple is beneath your Care,
Whoever gains it muſt live on the Air,
No Mortal will approach him when he's there.
If that's the Caſe, they one and all reply'd,
Let who wou'd take it, they were ſatisfied.
No ſooner gone, but MOMUS ſpy'd a Train
Of Goddeſſes, that tript along the Plain:
O JUPITER, he ſays, behold the Mien!
The great Contraſt appears in this ſame Scene;
The Poles in Diſtance do not differ more
Than theſe ſame Ladies, pray Sir view them o'er.
Reſpect was ſhewn peculiar to the Fair,
To private Audience each admitted were:
The firſt appear'd ſufficient in her Mien,
And for the Temple thought ſhe had a Claim:
I crave your Name, ſweet Fair! -- JOVE to her ſaid,
She anſwer'd, PRIDE, and rais'd her lofty Head:
My Title's good, ſays ſhe, I'm near a kin
To ev'ry King and Prince that e'er has been;
At Court, at Camp, at ev'ry Siege from Troy,
My Principles they hitherto enjoy:
Not only that, but I can fairly prove,
From LUCIFER I have but one Remove.
'Tis true, ſays JOVE, I know, but 'tis in vain,
For this ſame Temple you can have no Claim.
MOMUS attended on her to the Door,
For Quality commanded that or more;
Then made his Leg -- and whiſper'd ſomething o'er,
Her Mother he had known to be a Whore:
The Goddeſs frown'd, and ſoon her Exit made,
JOVE ſmil'd, and call'd another in her Stead.
With Reverence much, reverſe of what he'd ſeen,
Obeiſance made like POETS with a Theme;
To you, great JUPITER, whoſe mighty Power,
That at your Will can cauſe a golden Show'r;
To you, ſhe ſaid, all Honours I wou'd pay,
They call me POVERTY; d'ye know me pray?
I've heard much of you, JUPITER replys,
You'r one that oft appear in a Diſguiſe;
You know the Truth from me you can't conceal,
Then make your Merit known, your Crimes reveal:
If you are truly Virtuous, you have a Right
To this ſaid Temple! ſee? 'tis in your Sight.
The Goddeſs bow'd, and ſaid her Fate was ſo,
She cou'd not act as other Powers do;
The World was grown, ſhe thought, to ſuch a Paſs,
That even hers that was the meaneſt Claſs,
Run retrograde to Virtue's ſtricteſt Laws;
She knew of none but wou'd admit of Flaws.
What None! the God replys, --- ſure 'tis not ſo!
You mete out others by your own you know;
Your Meaſure's falſe: The World is not ſo bad,
True Virtue may be found, --- all are not mad.
Not *ipſo facto* mad I do not ſay,
But more or leſs delirious in their Way;
Theſe are my Words, ſhe ſaid, you'll find it true,
One grain of Virtue goes to very few.
Great JOVE was ſtruck with this Report ſhe made,
But knew that Artifice was all her Trade:
He told the Goddeſs ſhe might then retire,
For to the Temple ſhe cou'd not aſpire.
Dame POVERTY, ſays MOMUS, how came you
To think on Virtue? --- did you ever know
Such Oppoſites concur with us below?
'Tis all a Joke, and you will find it ſo.
The Goddeſs, ſenſible that ſhe had err'd,
Said for the future, ſhe'd be no more reſerv'd;
To Virtue ſhe wou'd never more lay Claim,
Thank'd MOMUS for the Hint, and out ſhe came.
With down caſt Eyes, with Viſage pale and wan,
The Bloom of Life quite diſappear'd and gone:

Another here preſents herſelf to View,
Her Aſpect ſeem'd to ſpeak ſome Merit due:
In murmuring Sounds Ejaculations made,
And Sighs alternately now from her fled:
Her Feet the Sandals bore from off the Ground,
And round her Waiſt a Cord of Hemp was bound;
A Croſs or two hung dangling by her Side,
The Trophies that ſhe gain'd in War with Pride:
And here and there a Medal of a Saint,
The various Trappings made her almoſt faint;
All ſelf-ſufficient, happy was her State,
No Room ſhe thought there was for a Debate;
But to the Temple ſtreight to be preferr'd,
For ſhe from Virtue ſure had never ſwerv'd.
Here JUPITER a while upon her gaz'd,
And at her curious Dreſs, was quite amaz'd.
What Tipes of Honour pray ſays JOVE are theſe?
A Steed that's hamets'd ſeems more at Eaſe:
From whence deriv'd theſe Orders that you wear?
Of what Degree, what Title to you bear?
Methinks, great JOVE, the Goddeſs here replys,
Your grown a Stranger to the DEITIES:
PIETY I'm call'd, d'ye know me now?
To wear this Garb I've made a ſolemn Vow.
Your Pardon Fair, ſays JUPITER, I crave,
I own I took you for ſome roial Slave;
The Enſigns that you bear I never knew,
Religion I could ne'er ſuſpect in you.
That's ſtrange, ſhe ſaid; --- the Habit is well known
To ev'ry Monarch throughout Chriſtendom.
It may be ſo, I'll not diſpute, ſays JOVE,
But what was it induc'd you here to rove?
Thrice Seven long Years, ſays ſhe, I've ſpent
In Faſts and Prayers, each Day to me was *Lent*:
Deter'd from all the Joys that Earth afford,
A Priſ'ner cloſe confin'd within my Ward;
But travell'd hither, hearing of the Prize,
To prove my Title to yon Edifice:
If ſuch like Actions will not interceed,
Your Temple muſt be uninhabited.
Hold, hold, ſays JOVE, Madam, you run a head,
Thoſe tedious Years, I'm very much afraid,
Deſtroys that Virtue which you here wou'd plead:
Denotes Reluctance in the very Act,
Allowing all that you can ſay is Fact.
'Tis not your Faſts and Prayers alone will do,
The Hypocrite can pray as well as you.
And much I dread theſe Robes are all Deceit,
The Powers above allow no Counterfeit.
Religious Works are virtuous, but in you
It ſeems Compulſion; ſo no Merit's due.
O JUPITER, ſays ſhe, no more I'll try
To work upon thy penetrating Eye;
I own the Inſtitution's made a Trade;
The Garb is nothing but a Maſquerade:
Religious Cloaks do often Vice conceal,
Ambition was my View; there lay my Zeal.
Henceforth to Cottages will I reſide,
Throw off the Vail, in Purity abide.
So ſaid; --- ſhe here was taking of her Leave,
MOMUS ſtept up and took her by the Sleeve;
A Word or two, Madam, e'er you go,
You know not what you are about to do:
Shou'd you this Reſolution hold, I fear
You'l make Religion in the World too clear:
The Prieſts will hate you, that you muſt expect,
And they're a potent People; pray reflect?
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, and ſaid, that might be true,
But ſtood reſolv'd the Method to purſue;
And with Submiſſion, bid to JOVE adieu.
In Contemplation, ſtood immortal JOVE,
Star'd o'er the Paſſions that Mankind do move:
He reaſon'd well on what the Goddeſs ſaid,
And found Ambition was the greateſt dread:
Ambition! 'tis the Parent of their Woe,
The mighty Source from whence all Miſchiefs flow.
O VIRTUE where! O where art thou fled!
In what deep Cavern hideſt thou thy Head!
Ariſe once more, and give Mankind thy Aid.

When

When ſtreight the Goddeſs, laſt of all the Train,
Made her Appearance for the Seat to gain.
Her whole Demeanour ſimple, but yet neat,
A chearful Countenance around her ſat:
To each fair Breaſt a little Babe ſhe had,
And wantonly they with the Bubby play'd:
Each Time the little Innocents receiv'd
The Nouriſhment ſhe gave, their Wants reliev'd;
'Twas hard to gueſs, which of the Three moſt pleas'd.

From whence, ſays JOVE, bright Goddeſs came you
You ſeem a Stranger; have you loſt your Way? I pray?
If I may be ſo bold, what Name d'ye bear?
Says MOMUS, Sir, 'tis CHARITY, I ſwear.
Reply'd the Goddeſs, Sir, the very ſame:
I am ſo call'd, I think, by common Fame.

Your Pardon, Goddeſs, JUPITER he cries,
That Emblem might inſtruct the dulleſt Eyes;
But 'tis a Picture rarely does appear,
And ſeldom is of Oſtentation clear:
Yon Temple, I preſume, you have in View;
You know the Terms that make it your juſt Due.

I came not hither, JUPITER, ſhe ſays,
To boaſt of Merit, or to ſound my Praiſe;
'Tis what I here entirely diſclaim,
Your Temple therefore I cannot obtain.

Why ſo, reply'd, the God? that's ſomewhat ſtrange,
The Field is large that Virtue has to range.

Your right, ſhe ſaid, but when we've done our beſt,
I fear our Virtue will not ſtand the Teſt.
Frail Nature is oft beſet, as oft beguil'd,
When Reaſon once gives way, the Senſe is wild;
Temptation's ſtrong: --- The beſt that we can do,
's to fly the Tempter, leſt he ſhou'd purſue.
This I preſcribe, the Remedy I take,
A lonely Cottage my *Aſylum* make:
Tho' plain, 'tis neat, and wholeſome to the Eye,
And out of Danger from the Enemy:
No Rich I envy that in Splendor riſe,
No Poverty in any Shape deſpiſe:
But pure Contentment reigns within my Breaſt,
And what I have, I ſhare among my Gueſt:
If this is Merit, 'tis the All I claim;
But yet methinks it ſcarce deſerves the Name.

The joking God, ſly MOMUS, ſtood amaz'd,
And JUPITER with Admiration gaz'd.
To you Celeſtial Goddeſs, JOVE then ſaid,
A Crown of Glory hovers o'er your Head:
But ſay; --- thoſe little Infants in your Arms,
That ſpread a Luſtre to your mighty Charms,
I may preſume they do you Parent call;
Reply'd the Goddeſs, --- by Adoption's all.
One Evening at my Door, the Lambs were laid,
Faſt bound, like Sheep that's to the Slaughter led;
The Canopy of Heaven o'er them ſpread,
And the cold Earth was deſtin'd for their Bed:
I heard their piteous Cries, the Infants moan;
I took them in, and nurs'd them as my own.

O glorious Maid! this Act alone will prove
Thy heavenly Virtue; Witneſs all above.
The Temple thou haſt gain'd, 'tis thy Reward,
Which future Times, thy Title ſhall record.

So ſpoke great JOVE; his Thunder Bolts let fly,
And ſummon'd all the Gods to Victory.

The Gods and Goddeſſes in bright Array,
Gave their Attendance on the Jovial Day;
CERES was order'd to lay in a Store,
And BACCHUS pick and cull the Vintage o'er:
A Feaſt prepar'd to crown the happy Maid,
And to the Temple ſtraitſhe was convey'd.
The Fifes and Tabors, Timbrels, march along,
The Choriſters of ev'ry Wood here ſung:
Immortal Praiſe they gave the Deity,
Allow'd true Virtue lay in CHARITY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STray'd away from the Dwelling Houſe of the Rev. Mr. Patrick Henry, *in* Hanover *County, Two Horſes, viz. one of them is a ſmall bay Horſe, a natural Pacer, with a white Spot in his Forehead, he grunts very much when rode, he was formerly ſhod, and his hind Hoofs are very much worn. The other is a large trotting Sorrel Horſe, branded on the near Buttock* B, *his Forehead and Feet are white. Whoever brings the ſaid Horſes to the aforeſaid Plantation, ſhall have* 30 *Shillings Reward, paid by* Farquehar Matheſon.

STray'd away from the Subſcriber of St. Paul's Pariſh, in Hanover *County, about the Beginning of laſt* November, *a large young black Horſe, with a ſmall Star in his Forehead, a few white Hairs on one of his hind Feet juſt upon his Hoof, and branded on the near Buttock thus,* I. *Whoever will bring the ſaid Horſe to my Houſe in the County aforeſaid, ſhall have Ten Shillings Reward, paid by* Patrick Henry.

December 14, 1739.

RAN away from Richland Farm, *belonging to* Charles Carter, *Eſq; of* King George *County, on* Thurſday *the* 29*th of* November *laſt, a Convict Servant Man, named* Bartholomew Fryet. *He is a tall thin Man, about* 6 *Feet high, of a white Complexion, with light Hair cloſe cut, has a ſmall Mole on his right Cheek, is about* 22 *Years of Age, he talks much of his ſinging. He had on, when he went away, a brown Cloth Coat, a ſhort yelloviſh double breaſted Fuſtian Waſtcoat, a Pair of Plad Hoſe, and a Pair of* French *Falls new ſol'd; he alſo carried with him a Cotton Waſtcoat, and Breeches, He went away in Company with a Servant Man, named* John Collins, *belonging to* Thomas Ridge, *of the ſaid County. Whoever will apprehend and bring the ſaid* Bartholomew Fryet, *to my Houſe in* King George *County, ſhall have a Piſtole Reward, beſides what the Law allows, paid by me* Charles Carter.

December 14, 1739.

STol'n from Daniel Saunderſon, *of* King and Queen *County, on the* 26*th of* November *laſt, a large dark bay Mare, branded on the off Buttock* S S, *with a hanging Mane, a Sprigg Tail, and a white Spot on the Inſide of one of her Fore Legs; alſo a full ſkirted trotting Saddle, cover'd with* Virginia *Leather, an old Leather Houſing, with the Crupper and Stirrup Leathers of the natural Colour; an old curb Bridle much mended in the Head-ſtall, a Braſs* Dutch *Tobacco Box pretty much worn, a dark colour'd Ratteen Great Coat, a Calicoe Purſe in the Shape of a Heart, with* 5 *s. of ſmall Silver in it. And he ſuſpects one* James Butler, *alias* Willis, *a Taylor (as he paſſes for;) he is an* Iriſhman, *of a middle Stature, thin Viſage, fair Complexion, with a ſhort flat Noſe bent in the middle. He had on a brown Duroy Coat, a dark colour'd Drugget Waſtcoat, and a white* Virginia *Cloth Ditto, a Pair of dark colour'd Drugget Breeches, a Pair of pale blew Hoſe, and a Pair of plain Shoes ty'd with Strings, a Worſted Cap, a very good Hat, and a Handkerchief of a reddiſh Colour, and ſpotted: He alſo had two Linen Wallets, one of them full. Whoever will apprehend the ſaid* James Butler, *alias* Willis, *ſo that he be brought to Juſtice, ſhall be handſomely rewarded, beſides what the Law allows, by* Daniel Saunderſon.

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